

ALL FOR HECUBA

The knee-cap boys are at it still,
Their shouts fill up our silent films:
What week seems ended, begins again with blood.
The sun shines on hooded heads, and pastry sermons
Fatten out our demons, vulgar in ideologies
Claiming dark psychologies as consent to kill.

And all for Hecuba, drunk in green.
Cathleen rises, the bullet's supreme.

After that explosion of reality
The little men must come like ants
To the rescue of banalities
Like "Good morning" and begin the dance
Of simple things like love, no legalities,
No justice, just a stop to pry open peace.

IN SPITE OF ALL

It happens like this:
I'm stuck in the whole of life
The girl just smiles and doesn't know at all.

It happens like this:
One skeleton face turns to mother and child
I am left with the possibility.

It happens like this:
An old drum-skin face, battered, looks for pennies
I just stare.

It happens like this:
She's kissing him and like a pendulum hanging
Quickly turns to condemn my stare.

It happens like this:
I see her coarse and spotted face
Her lipstick slowly fading.

It happens like this:
Someone smiles at me.
Netted. Poetry begins.